Richmond Pub. Lib. SEP 18 1933

RICHMOND
OCT - 2 1934
PUBLIC LIBRARY

POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume One | Richmond, California, Friday, September 15, 1933 | Number Thirty Two

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Inasmuch as Mr. Windrem is this week at his ranch in Lake County, we are once more prin ing some of his writing in the Richmond Terminal in 1929 which will be found true today as the day when written.)

One place wherein our chamber of commerce shines with due effulgence, and that is in putting on pageants and banquets.

They remind one of those spectacles put on by the Roman emperors to placate the people when they became restless under tax burdens and unequal laws.

Recently our Ambassador Extraordinary returned from the East to be welcomed at the railway station by the chamber in full pomp and regalia, the city council decked out in purple robes of state; the municipal band in gilt and gold; police and fire departments in spick and span uniforms and other civic bodies persuaded to participate.

And last but by no means least the gallant ten employes on Mr. Parr's waterfront, led by Mr. Parr in person, as did Xenophon lead his ten thousand Greeks back through enemy territory to their homeland and immortal fame.

After the pageant, the banquet. Vision the scene: All of the young, beautiful, brave and daring of our city. In the midst of the gaiety and gladsomeness of the occasion Mr. Parr rises, as is his wont, and delivers one of those impassioned speeches for which he has become famous; the soft soap will flow in uninterrupted stream—none but the small fry will fail to receive some special mark of his royal favor.

The aftermath need, of course, not be mentioned. But one can imagine the hotel employess scraping soft soap from the ceiling, walls and floor of the banquet hall for the next week or so.

Three years have passed since the council gave our harbor to Mr. Parr. He has full possession, we pay the freight.

(Continued on Editorial Page)

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION ASKS FOR NEW MEMBERS

This week—Sept. 11th to 18th—has been designated as P. T. A. week, and our local Washington School is very anxious that every home in Point Richmond should be represented in the local chapter. The work which the Parent-Teachers accomplish for the betterment of our children is inestimable, and Mayor Walter J. Johnson of Richmond has issued the following

PROCLAMATION.

BE IT RESOLVED That the week of September 11th to 18th be set aside in the interest of Parents and Teachers and be concerned with all problems that relate to the children in home, school, and community.

WALTER J. JOHNSON, Mayor

At the meeting Tuesday afternoon at the school, plans were formulated to personally contact every father and mother in Point Richmond.

Mrs. E. J. Dingle, president, said, "Please state in the Progress that we want, and welcome, every parent to come and get acquainted wth the ideals and work of the P. T. A. Mrs Theodore Beck is membership chairman and either through her or any of the other officers let us know that you will attend our future meetings."

Other officers are: Mrs. Baker, 1st v. p.; Mrs. Walker, 2nd v. p.; Mrs Ed Saunders, secy. and Mrs. Thomas Nixon, treas.

OLD TIME RESIDENT PASSES

We are sincerely sorry to chronicle the death of Barbara Ellen King, resident here for 24 years, who passed away last night following a lingering illness. She had never fully recovered from a recent operation.

Deceased was 60 years of age, a native of New York. Survived by her husband. John A. King, and sister, Mrs. Clare Ament. Member of Our Lady Of Mercy Church. Funeral arrangements by Ryan, pending word from the East.

INTERESTING INNOVATION FOR BOYS AT LOCAL I. G. A. STORE

Messrs. Tony Mazza and Bianchini, the progressive merchants who run the Liberty Market announce a unique and splendid contest open to Point Richmond boys next Monday at the Liberty Market.

The youngsters are invited to come into the store on that day and circulate around taking mental notes of the various I. G. A. products which are for sale. They do this for 15 minutes and each has ten minutes to sit down and write all the names of the goods he remembers. The writer of the longest list wins a fine box of candy.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: All right, Tony, but you overlooked the little girls, this time. In years to come the girls will buy lots more from you than boys. And when, as,

(Continued on Third Page.)

Parr Company Voices Threat Of Returning Harbor To City

Company Which Was Hailed As Saviour Of Richmond in 1926 Now Cries "Uncle"

Miss Moizelle Hodges, daughter of our good librarian, left for Alamogordo, N. M., this week where she will teach her third term at that school.

WALLY KRUGER IS CHAIRMAN FOR COMMUNITY CHEST AT POINT RICHMOND

Wally Kruger assisted by Gus Allyn, haberdasher, Tony Mazza, grocery, and Ralph Anderson, also at the bank, announces that the quota for this year among Point business men is only $300, so it is hoped it will be raised pronto. Get in touch with Wally immediately, if he hasn't already seen you.

The ladies are working faithfully as usual in the residence district, and we sincerely hope the Point goes over the top as usual in jig time. It isn't much of a sacrifice this year, so everyone should help.

The many friends of Mrs. J. E. George will be pleased to know she is recovering nicely from her recent operation.

Legal Debate

When two lawyers of the calibre of T. H. "Tony" DeLap and Assemblyman Clifford Anglim begin to let the adjectives fly, an oratorical treat was promised, and the splendid audience at the Council Meeting last Monday night was not disappointed. The debatable question was whether Perasso Brothers would be granted an extension of their present garbage contract on the present price basis.

For the benefit of the new ringside council members the Battler of the Legislature led to the right with a vigorous recital of past history of the garbage contract. Anglim maintaining that the city of Richmond for the past two years under the Perasso Brothers management has the most advantageous garbage contract in California today: Dapper Tony countered with a beautiful left when he went further back into garbage history, starting with the Richmond Scavenger Company in 1905 when Point Richmond was a pup and Richmond a vast wasteland, how his company had taken care of the sanitation in this city from that time on (with the exception of the brief period of "Incinerator" Gill who it appears was long on promises and short on fulfillment) until 1931 when the R. S. Co., said DeLap, got anything but a square deal when bids were

(Continued on Editorial Page.)

"Unless the Parr-Richmond Company is in a position to operate its terminals on a profitable basis and obtain adequate steamship service for the harbor, the City of Richmond will be driven to establish some other arrangements for the management of its harbor facilities and if necessary would, no doubt, resort to condemnation proceedings in order to acquire applicant's terminal properties."

Words taken, not from the scriptures, but from the brief of the Parr company in asking for a rehearing before the Railroad Commission. In reporting the alleged injustice to Mr. Parr's company our local evening daily stated: "Fred D. Parr, president, made no comment on the brief." All right, then, the Progress will do some commenting, and here's what we have to say:

For some time this paper, and its predecessor, the Richmond Terminal has been villified because we have dared to speak against this Parr lease and its results to the city of Richmond.

Now, suppose Parr's prediction comes true and he gets our gracious city council to condemn, and buy back, our harbor which seems under his management to have become a 'white elephant." Will he agree, if we give him his $100 back even, to replace our harbor situation as he found it? Could he recall all the blasted ballyhoo that caused us to build an almost useless Inner Harbor when our Outer Harbor was not running by any means to capacity? If he turns back "the harbor facilities" enumerated in the original lease, will he also turn back to us the business of the oil companies which he shifted from our own Municipal Wharf No. 1 to his private Point San Pablo Wharf?

Well, folks, you did not listen to Lee D. Windrem in 1926, and his every prediction seems to be coming true with a vengeance. With such a condition we are now in one deuce of a harbor mess. We will do what we can but "everlasting vigilance is the price of liberty" and you yourselves taxpayers, will now have to keep both eyes open!

(NOTA BENE: We note from the Wednesday night paper that Fred D. Parr is now making an impassioned plea for the powerful support of our local Chamber of Commerce to aid him in his dilemma.)

N.R.A. Meet

With former Mayor and Councilman Scott, City Manager McVittie and City Engineer Ed Hoffman around the NRA table at the William Tayor Hotel, San Francisco, ast Tuesday it was hardly necessary for ye humble editor of the Progress to be there, but we were.

Chester Rowell really made a good talk on NRA stressing the fact that what is needed now is not unanimity of THOUGHT, that is impossible, but a unanimity of

(Continued on Third Page.)

Tomorrow Night is Ladies Night At Local Elks Lodge

With our good friend, A. G. Robertson, as chairman, the "Best People on Earth" will celebrate Saturday night as Ladies Night. The dinner and dance will be wonderfully attractive, so the Progress respectfully reminds Mrs. Martin Martens, Mrs. R. H. Spiersch, Mrs. Otto Ludewig, and—well all of our feminine readers who are wedded to an Elk—to get on their best bib and tucker and be there!

Prize Whist

The biggest crowd in the history of Our Lady of Mercy Church's social functions is expected to attend the next Whist given at the Parish Hall next Wednesday Night, September 20th. Everyone should come and have a fine time. Not only is the list of prizes longer than before; but the cash award of $50.00 will be made in the contest which has been running for some time.

Folks, if you don't know it Father Doyle is a mighty fine man and splendid priest, liked by all who are in and out of his church. Come and get acquainted.

Fox Theatre News

Tonight and Saturday, 15-16, "Turn Back the Clock" with Lee Tracy and Mae Clark. Sunday and Monday, 17-18, "Paddy, The Next Best Thing," with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter. Tuesday, 19, "The Devil in Love" with Loretta Young and David Manners. Aso Ladies Crystal Glassware Night. Wednesday and Thursday, 20-21, "Pilgrimage" with Henrietta Crosman, Norman Foster, Marion Nixon. A mighty roadshow attraction at our regular low prices.

County Medical Society Meets

Dr. and Mrs. Lucas, of Washington Avenue, entertained the physicians and surgeons of Contra Costa County at their home this week, being the regular meeting of the medicos.

FORLORN ISLAND

By EDISON MARSHALL

Copyright by Edison Marshall WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

—13—

By the island custom, instituted by a long-dead Russian priest, Fireheart should now kiss the neophites on the cheek. From some deep need of her heart, she varied this custom tonight. Swaying toward Eric, she fiercely pressed her lips to his. Then with a squaw-like grunt, she wheeled and trudged away.

Only a moment later Eric and Nan were left alone, with the faded ikon, the tarnished candlestick, and the flickering inconstant shadows of the lamp, prophetic on the floor.

Eric and his bride could live apart. The Aleut people loved crowded quarters—animal heat, intimate contacts to comfort their lonely souls, clamoring voices to drown out the moaning wind and sea; so at Anniga's death, Chigum and her family had moved in with Tugat, Kanak's widow, leaving vacant a large two-room barabara. To this the pair came in the first starlight, hand in hand, quietly but with no misgivings, naturally as mated sea-gulls flying to the nest. When Eric had lighted the oil lamp in the larger of the two rooms, and bolted the door, he turned to find Nan watched him with a contented smile.

This was home. It was good to shut out the haunted dark. She and Eric were tried comrades; he would respect her rights, meet her more than half way in everything. A sweet sense of security swept over her, unknown in all the days of her exile. She smiled at Eric's efforts to make the best of the rough fare, clean pelts on the floor, wooden stools, her own handbag containing her few treasures salvaged from the wreck, waiting for her in the adjoining room.

He unstrapped his revolver, hung it on the wall in easy reach, then drew her gently to him. "You're tired, aren't you, Nan?"

"Fagged out. We've had two trying days."

"I'm going to keep you up only a minute—just long enough to ask you a question—then you can curl up in there, on the sealskins."

The gentleness in his voice and gaze touched her profoundly. She cared for him more than ever. "What is it, Eric?"

"I think I already know the answer, but I want to be sure. . . . Do you love me?"

She looked into his steadfast eyes a long time before she ventured a reply. "I'm so fond of you Eric. . . . More fond of you every minute. But I don't think it's the real thing—yet. You want me to be honest, don't you?"

"And the real reason you married me was so I can protect you? Because you had to make a choice between Roy and me?"

"I think that had a great deal to do with it." Her gaze fell.

"But perhaps you will learn to love me, soon—as I love you?"

She pressed his hand against her breast. "Very soon, I think, if you'll just let me learn it in my own way, my own time. Just be tender with me, Eric."

"I'm not one to drive a hard bargain, Nan," he told her in his slow, grave way. "You will be safer as my wife, but that safety—is free." He kissed her hand, and with equal gentleness her lips.

Her eyes looked like starlit crystal pools surrounded by dark rushes. "You will wait for me—to learn to love you?"

"There is your room." He beckoned over her shoulder. "You'll find a new bolt on the door. Go in it when you like."

Doubting himself and his creed—blaspheming his idealism that kept him from his heart's fulfillment, Eric lingered alone by the flickering lamp. His exultation of the previous hour had burned to ashes. He made no move toward bed; his hands felt like stone weights on the halibut lines.

Nan's good-night kiss haunted him still. It was so light, so fleeting, yet its warm ghost returned again and again to his lips. At last he rose from his stool, yearning toward Nan's doorway . . . half-crossed the room. . . . His heart was racing. . . .

But the way was not open. What he had fancied was lasting peace was only an hour's armistice, a breathing spell in the thick of the fight. To the victor belong the spoils—but the enemy was not destroyed, merely hard-pressed. His and Nan's love was not a thing apart, but inexorably bound up with island history, still to be written.

Fate moved again—in a manner and guise beyond Eric's wildest dreams.

There was a sudden violent shock, like an earthquake, leaping through the turf walls and under his feet. But it was not some subterranean force rising in blind fury; the giant's blow was dealt from above. He had time only to raise his eyes when the dome of the roof collapsed in ruin, and a two-hundred pound boulder crashed through and thundered to the floor.

It was like a cold meteor hurled from the sky. The wind of its fall was an icy blast on Eric's face, and the abysmal horror of the thing rustled up the hair of his head. It struck the drift-wood block where he had just been sitting, crushing it into the earth.

Death had missed him by two paces, but he had not come through unscathed. The shock to his nerves and heart was of stunning force; besides, a block of turf had struck his head, making him reel half-blind against the wall. He could not grasp what had happened. The room was streaked with fire. But Nan, springing up with a scream in the doorway, divined the truth at once.

An implacable enemy had carried the stone onto the roof of the barabara, with his unnatural strength tugging it to the very dome. Through a crack between the blocks of turf, or a loophole bored out beforehand, he had located Eric's position; then he had lifted the savage missile high in his simian arms and hurled it down.

But this was only the beginning. Events swept on with the fatal momentum of a landslide. The surprise attack had already staggered the victim; before he could begin to recover, a second blow fell. It was like a bayonet rush after artillery barrage.

Peering down through the yawning hole, the attacker saw he had missed his mark. Howling, he plunged through; and the further collapse of the roof under his feet shot him into the room with a violence only second to his thunderbolt. Nan saw him like an evil dream among the falling clods and dust.

Eric made one hopeless effort to defend himself. He lunged out from the wall, but he seemed blind, and his movements lacked their familiar litheness and panther-like power. The fight ended before it began. Sandomar's arm stretched slow and long, an odd, raking blow with open palm and hooked fingers. Eric was hurled back against the wall, only to wilt to the floor.

Nan screamed with all her breath. To see the vigor and strength she knew so well utterly fail, to behold the splendid muscles quiver and go slack like a speared seal's, broke her last grip on reality. The rest was a dark fantasy that made a blind spot in her brain. She would recall it only in broken fragments—Eric's dull open eyes . . . the lamp flickering from the wind of his violence. . . .

Yet a mind within her mind kept fighting cool and strong. Her screaming stopped with a rattle, her hand flashed to her mouth. . . . If she attracted Sandomar's eye her only hope of saving Eric and herself was lost. . . . She watched him in frozen silence, but he did not turn his head.

She had forgotten he was deaf!

Sandomar stood leaning over Eric, watching him as a cat watches a stunned mouse. It was a jungle posture impelled by a jungle instinct—nothing he had ever done had shown the sub-human workings of his mind better than this vigilant and deadly scrutiny of his fallen prey. There was no hatred, a purely human emotion, in his heart; otherwise he would have quickly seized the chance to crush Eric's skull. His rage was impersonal, like that of a grizzly bear for a steel trap just gnawed from his paw. And the one thing that prolonged Eric's life was that he made

She Must Not Miss the First Shot! Never In Her Life Was She So Cool, So Steady.

not the slightest motion. Perhaps some lingering, sixth sense bade him lie still; possibly he was too far gone to raise his hand. At the first stir, Sandomar's quivering maul would have lashed down.

Slowly his guard dropped. His tense form relaxed a little as he saw that his prey lay helpless.

"You cheated us, eh?" he mumbled, in his low-pitched monotone. "You didn't take the girl, after all. Now I'll take her, but I'll have the gun first."

He began to grope at Eric's hip. Failing to find the weapon, he patted Eric's side, breast, the pocket of his blue coat. . . . Behind him in the dark doorway, Nan's withered, fainting heart swelled and grew strong.

Where was his revolver? For all her dream-state, her mind moved clear and sure. Instantly she remembered seeing Eric unstrap the weapon and hang it up. Peering with steely eyes, she saw its blue-steel barrel catch the lamp-gleam on the opposite wall.

She began to stalk across the room, behind Sandomar's back. Even now it was hard to remember that he was deaf—that she need not guard against sound, but only the flick of her shadow on the floor—that she had best run before he turned his head, saw her, and reached for her with his terrible arms. Steady and straight her hand sped; her fingers clasped the butt. Stealing back two strides, till she was directly behind her enemy, she slowly raised the barrel until she saw his bullet head over the sights.

She must not miss the first shot! Never in her life was she so cool, so steady.

Even the frantic yell above her head did not throw off her aim. . . .

"Behind you, Sandy!" It was a shrill cry of utter terror and futility. "Oh, good Gord—"

It was Garge, on the way to overtake his runaway mate, thrusting his head through the gaping hole in the roof. . . . In one glance he took in the still figure in the white parka, the lifted steady wrist, the leveled barrel that never twinkled in the light, and its certain target beyond; and he never dared dream but that he had come too late. He saw Nan's finger jerk back against the trigger. . . .

Again that futile click! When she heard it, when Sandomar did not crash, the fire and powder of her life seemed to fail too. The room turned black before her eyes.

Shrieking, she pulled the trigger again and again. Warned by a swirl in the air, Sandomar looked up—saw her—came lunging; at the same instant Garge pitched down into the room. Only because the jackal fell in the tiger's way, throwing him headlong, did she escape his maul. In the second's respite, she dropped the useless weapon, threw back the bolt of the door, and fled down the village row.

As the clouds drifted from Eric's mind and the light crept back into his thick eyes, he saw Sandomar rear up and peer after Nan, then kick Garge out of the way, and recover the gun. He must have seen Nan's futile effort to fire it, because he handled it with simian curiosity, holding it close to his eyes. Pointing at the floor, he pulled the trigger. As the hammer clicked, he grunted in brute wonder.

"The thing won't shoot," he muttered to himself.

It was a strange anti-climax. Forgetting his late victim, the ungainly figure squatted on the floor and began to unscrew the ramrod.

Grunting, he pulled back the hammer to look at the breach. Then he raised his head and blinked at Eric across the room.

"You cheated us with this thing, too," he said in his dead monotone.

Anything might have happened next, a surge of rage, violence; but what did happen was impossible, incredible. Sandomar looked from Eric to the weapon, then threw back his head with a hoarse bellow of laughter. His big hands snatched at his ribs; his mouth gaped wide as the inhuman bay rang through the ruined roof far into the silence of the night.

It stopped suddenly as it began. "He's all right, that fellow," he told Garge. "Kept us marching around like school children for three months with a gun that won't shoot." He started, bit his lip, and turned to Eric with a malignant grin. "It was a good joke you played. Now I'm going to play one on you."

Eric gave no outward sign, but in his inner mind he turned on the tap of his emergency strength. Still half-paralyzed from the blow, he called on all the shell-shocked battered forces of his brain, nerve, and sinew to prepare for a last charge. Sandomar's jests would be worse than his furies.

"You think this gun's no good, but I'm going to show you it's good enough to kill a man," Sandomar went on, quietly.

He looked at the pearl handle, ribbed with steel. It suited him, so he grasped the barrel in his huge white palm. With his left hand flat on the floor, in an ape posture, he started to roll forward.

Eric's brain gave a signal. The strong wrench of his will somehow hurled him to his feet. At the same instant, Sandomar heaved erect with dog-fangs bared and arms spread wide. Drawing a knife that made little wicked lightnings in the shadows, Garge leaped to cut off the victim's escape.

But Eric did not jump the way they expected; neither did he back to the wall to fight. He had only one chance and he played it with all the valor of his soul. Weaving to avoid Sandomar's rush, he sprang toward the oil lamp.

He would have picked it up and hurled it, if he could, but the quarters were too close. Instead he kicked it over. There was one instant's brilliant glare, revealing all three antagonists in frozen motion, then the room went inky black.

Sandomar was deaf. He lived by light. When it went out, it was as though he had died; a rattle rose in his throat, and he could not move a finger. Now was the time to dispatch him, provided Eric had a weapon and could first kill Garge. But Garge slashed right and left, cursing, and Eric's hands were empty. He must run—to live, and fight again.

Ducking low, slinking along the wall, he made for the open door. A second later the night wind was in his face, and he was free.

CHAPTER XI

ERIC'S first thought was to find Nan, lest she attempt some desperate act of rescue and fall into Sandomar's power. But he need not search for her far. As he sped down the village row toward Horton's hut, he heard her low voice behind him.

"Eric!"

Just as he might have known, she had already turned back to the strife.

She could speak no more, save by the pressure of her hand on his. It was her left hand; in her right she firmly grasped, like the old salmon-slayer she was, a seal-spear with an ivory point.

She had not come alone. Behind her, fired by the flame of her purpose, were all of Eric's friends. Mother Horton likewise held a spear, and in the ghostly light her thin face showed set and grim. Horton brandished a native ax; Wilcox' hunting knife twinkled in his hand. Even Marie had snatched up a walrus tusk and had come to fight beside her mate to the last.

There was one more. Cool and aloof, Roy came strolling out of the shadows, a lance in his hand. He smiled dryly when he saw Eric start and stare.

"Yes, I'm as big a fool as the rest," he said in grim tones.

Clutching Eric's hand, Nan hurried him to Horton's hut. Presently all her party were behind the stoutly bolted door, gazing fearfully into one another's faces.

"What now, Eric?" Horton asked.

"It looks to me like a fight to the finish, now."

"But we're only four men against seven—one of 'em Sandomar. How are we going to even up those odds?"

Eric glanced to Nan, then to Mother Horton and Marie. At the last and the worst, all three would strive like the women of the covered wagons on the plains. Nan was dead white, but her eyes burned. Mother Horton looked cold and deadly; Marie's black brows were knitted.

"There are seven of us, too," Eric said.

"Could we get any of their crowd to come over to ours?" Horton asked. "I'll promise 'em anything."

"Not a chance. They've all turned brute. The island did part of it, Sandomar the rest. Remember that Cooky and Big Smith were both in that slaughter on the yacht—and they'll give or ask no quarter. Little Smith will stick by his brother; Petroff is a fanatic nihilist. Sydney Bill is the most decent of the lot."

"Don't count on Sydney Bill," Wilcox said quietly. "He wants Marie; and he'll kill to get her."

"How about trying to get away in kayaks?" Roy asked. "The way that little shell of yours weathered the storm—"

Eric shook his head. "You know what happened to Chechaquo's tribesmen, good paddlers every one, when they were blown from Ignak harbor onto the shoals. Kayaks are fine in deep water, but no good on the rocks. I think we'd stand a better chance fighting. If we can kill Sandomar and Garge, we may bluff out the rest. And there's one little chance—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Eagles Act as Pallbearers

Wm. McChristian, secretary; Jack Chasseur and Fred Brewen, acted as pallbearers for Michael Merchello, of El Cerrito, who passed away Sunday night and was buried Wednesday morning at St. Joseph's Cemetery. Funeral mass was at St. John's Church, El Cerrito.

Mannerchor Entertains for Martens

A happy and joyful dinner dance was tendered their returning President, Martin Martens, and Mrs. Martens, of Point Richmond by the Richmond Mannerchor, on the occasion of their return from Germany last Saturday night. Friends from all over Northern California came to greet them, and the party was a success from every standpoint.

Garwood's in Berkeley Open Distinctive Shoe Store

One of the most unique and distinctive stores in the East Bay has just been opened by Garwood's in Berkeley, at 2245 Telegraph Avenue. Unique in architectural concept the store will feature women's sport apparel as well as the shoes for which Ray Garwood has become famous. Of course, the Garwood store on Shattuck Avenue, also. will continue to welcome Richmond shoppers as well as those from all otner parts of the East Bay.

Ask A Woman Her Age

Mrs. G. J. Allyn was the honor guest at a birthday party given her at San Francisco last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Salis. Besides Mr. Allyn and the children, and Mrs. Allyn's mother Mrs. Diffin, many friends and relatives attended. When asked the numerical strength of birthday tabulation our good booster, Mrs. Allyn, told us it was the same as last year and the year before—"her twenty-second and last public birthday."

IN THE CHURCHES

First Methodist

Dr. Dennett will preach at 11:00 o'clock Sunday morning at the First Methodist. Home Missionary Society meets this week.

The series of splendid sermons at the Point Baptist Church are drawing out a fine attendance. Don't miss them.

Quarterly Communion Next Sunday at St. Paul's - San Pablo

All members of the Y. M. I., Y. L. I., and K. and C. are expected to attend the quarterly communion at 8:00 o'clock mass at St. Paul's Church, San Pablo. Father Tozzi will preach the sermon.

All members are asked to meet at the corner of 10th of Macdonald at 7:30 to leave for the Church. Communion Breakfast will be served afterward at the Silver Dollar Cafe.

Post Commanders In Charge At Legion Meeting

Richmond Post No. 10 of the American Legion was entertained last night with a special program put on by the past commanders of the organization. Al Browning, Bert Wierda, Bill Vickery, Ruel Crose, George Tandy, Tom Carlson, Charlie St. John, Jack Barry, "Doc" Sears, Jim Narbett, "Hap" Bradley, and Harry Burt were the past commanders present, and the legionairres voted the show a good one.

Earl Davis is commander this year and he is off to a good start with Lloyd Spires as Senior Vice Commander and "Barney" Kinstrey as Junior Vice Commander. Glad to see our good subscriber, "Barney," in line for the Legion Commander's job a couple of years from now. Also Subscriber C. H. Dexter, Chaplain. "Dex" has done some fine work for the Legion as Adjutant the last two years.

Russian Wives Must Get Jobs

Russian wives must get jobs or else get no sugar or bread. Housework is not considered work where dust is about the commonest thing on the breakfast table.

At The Richmond Theatre

Tonight's Attractions

Wheeler and Woolsey in "So This Is Africa" and "Luxury Liner."

Saturday, "From Heaven to Hell" with Caroll Lombard, also "Silent Men; Sun. - Mon. 17-18, "The Secret of Madam Blanche" and Tom Keene in "Son of the Border;" Tues.—Wed., 19 - 20, "The Great Jasper" and "Bondage," and Thurs. - Fri., 21 - 22 Marie Dressler in "Prosperity" and "Hello Sister."

Several hot ball games took place last Sunday: Richmond Produce won from the fast Rodeo team, score 9 to 8. Certainteeds downed the Rheems, 13 to 8. And Pullmans triumphed over Standard Sanitary, 6 to 4. As the Progress has stated before, baseball can be a tremendous influence in building city spirit, and we all should try to get out to these ball games every time we can. Absolute guarantee against disappointment.

N.R.A. Meet

(Continued from Front Page.)

ACTION such as we had in the war. And the crucial point of the NRA is not "what is best for ME," but "what is best for US," in other words, it might be better for the individual to cut down his expenses, but if everybody cuts off help then who is going to buy? H. H. Cotton, State Chairman of Board of Public Works, also spoke and, we think, more positively in favor of the NRA. (After all, folks, if the NRA won't work what, in the name of Democracy will? It's got to work.)

Edwin M. Daugherty spoke for the CRA and its relation to the NRA; and Frank Havenner, of the Public Works, gave us the low down on what possiby may be expected from the government on public projects. He figures that about $1,400,000,000 will be availabe under this head. On a population basis California would then have about $70,000,000 of this coming. Already applications are in for over $600,000,000 in California, so what?

Anyway, what money there is will be divvied out in the following order: first, waterworks; second, sewage disposal; third, other sewage projects; and fourth, other public works projects.

Rod and Gun Club Dance

First Dance of the fall season last Saturday at the Rod and Gun was most successful. John A. Bell, president, was chairman. Other dances are planned for this fall and winter.

Big Time at at Eagle's Meet

Point Richmond Aerie of the F. O. E. promises all members an exceptionally fine meeting for September. All of the "kings of the air" are expected to at end.

INTERESTING INNOVATION I. G. A. STORE

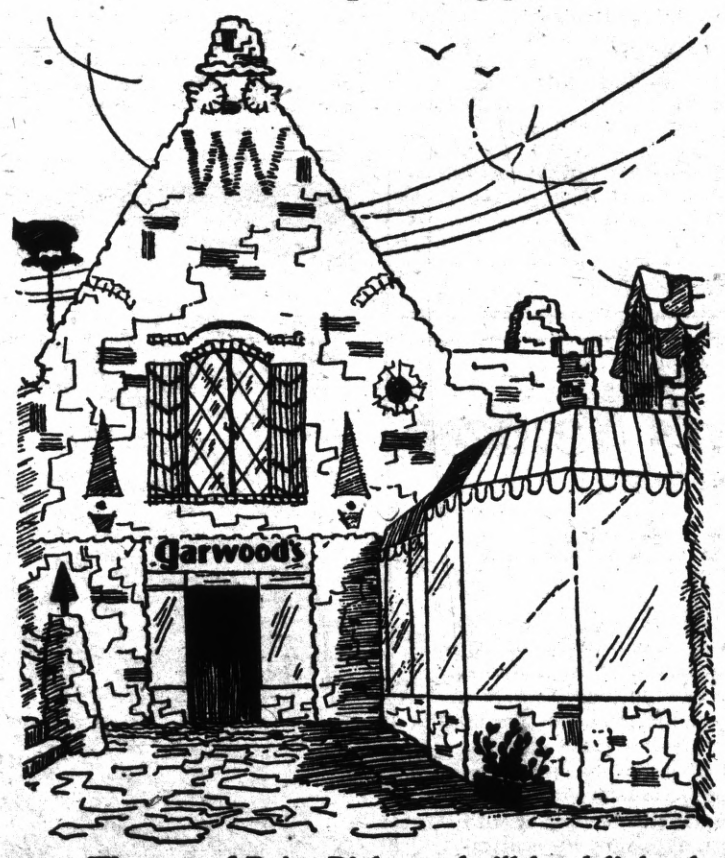
(Continued from Front Page.)

and if you do put on such a contest for the girls, I'll bet you a cigar on the girls!)

Announcing--

The OPENING of the Smartest Women's Specialty Shop in Berkeley!

Featuring Women' Shoes & Sport Apparel



Women of Point Richmond will be delighted with this New Specialty Shop---located in the Black Sheep Building, just completed at 2245 Telegraph Avenue. Near Sather Gate-

Opening Saturday Sept. 16th

Garwood's
2245 Telegraph Avenue
BERKELEY

PERASSO BROS. & CO.

GARBAGE SERVICE
Lowest Rate in California
For Residents of Richmond

33 15th Street
Call Rich. R. 358

SPEED--ACTION--THRILLS

America's Best GREYHOUNDS Race Nightly at the

EL CERRITO KENNEL CLUB

MOST MODERN PLANT ON COAST

Beautiful New Clubhouse -Girls In Parade--Last Post ime 10:30 p. m.

NEIGHBORHOOD STORES

CHASSEUR GROCERY

128 Standard Ave.
Phone Rich. 131
Joe Chasseur Ben Farina

CHALLENGE BUTTER, solid lb. 23c

PORK AND BEANS
Van Camp's large can 10c

CAMAY SOAP
Per bar 5c

SOUPS Campbell's
All Varieties . . 3 cans 25c

M. J. B. COFFEE
1 lb. can 30c 2 lb. can 57c
3 lb. can 84c

ALLADIN COFFEE
1 lb. can 25c 2 lb. can 47c

Fancy Dressed Fryers
Chickens of all kinds at the right prices.

Crystal White Soap
3c per bar

Snowdrift. . . 3 lb. can 45c

Many other specials at store
Rights reserved to limit quantity
FREE DELIVERY

ROMA HOTEL 6

JOS. MATTEUCCI

123 Standard Ave. Phone Richmond 107
BANQUETS OUR SPECIALTY
Take Home Some of Our Home-Made Raviolas

RICHMOND STEAM BATHS and MASSAGES
235 6th St. Phone R-1160

If You Want Those Real Mexican Tamales With Good Beer, Stop At
SPANISH-AMERICAN GROCERY
(Louis Diaz)
Also Imported Spanish Olive Oil 8
201 Macdonald Avenue Phone Richmond 287

STAR DUST
MOVIE AND RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

TIMES have changed, as Mary Pickford discovered recently when she wanted to fly from Chicago to New York. She went—in person—to the office of the air line to make reservations for herself and her companion.

And she was told, just as you or I might have been, that she might have one place on a plane, but not two. Rather a shock for the erstwhile America's Sweetheart! Just one more passenger, that's all she was.

In something of a dudgeon, it's assumed, she returned to her hotel, telephoned the office, and announced herself as her own secretary. Then she began to talk, most effectively. The air lines were trying to get Hollywood's business, weren't they? Then why did they treat one of Hollywood's ace representatives as they had? These, of course, are not Miss Pickford's words, merely the intent of them.

She was given two reservations on the plane she wished to take. And at least one person is convinced that there is truth in the reports, current during Mrs. Pickford's lifetime, that it was really the blue-eyed Mary who had the business head, but that her mother took credit for engineering the Pickford career, because it wouldn't do to let the public know how shrewd their curly haired darling really was.

—★—

Wouldn't you think that a man named Sigmund Spaeth could be fairly sure that nobody else had the same name? "The Tune Detective" was, until he discovered that there are two other Sigmund Spaeths, one a German author and the other an apple grower in Oregon.

—★—

Mary Duncan's marriage rather startled many of those who know her, although her romance with "Laddie" Stanford, the polo player, has been flaming for some two or three years.

The day before the ceremony took place, she said, in breaking an appointment, that something important had come up that would take her out of town. The "something important" was the very quiet wedding ceremony.

She's had an odd career. After making a sensational success on the stage, when she was very young, in "Shanghai Gesture," she was lured to Hollywood to make movies. Never once did the screen do her justice. It was said that she was hard to photograph, but that didn't account for the atrocious costumes given her in her first picture, or for the bad breaks she got later.

But—in her last picture, "Morning Glory," she was great!

—★—

Nancy Carroll is very busy indeed, rehearsing for her return to the stage; she likes the play well enough to consider deserting the movies, if other plays as satisfactory turn up.

Encountered in the elevator of the hotel where she lives, the other day, she was laden with parcels, as was her secretary.

"And of course, with all our running around, I forgot the one thing I specially wanted to get," she exclaimed.

It looked as if she might be following in the footsteps of other dwellers in that very swanky hostelry, who find it fun to market for odds and ends like caviar and anchovies, since each apartment has a kitchenette.

Miss Carroll looks very young and very, very pretty, incidentally, and should be one of the best looking actresses on the stage this season, whether she's among the most talented or not.

—★—

Saw Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs" the other day—and she may go back to Germany whenever she likes, so far as I'm concerned.

—★—

That argument about the selection of a girl to play "Alice" in the film version of "Alice in Wonderland" still goes on, with girls trooping in from all over the country to have tests made, and some of the people who think they know everything claiming that it's been in the box from the beginning, with the daughter of Lupino Lane, the English comedian, awarded the part ever and ever so long ago. The company that's making the picture denies this, but the rumors—and the tests of aspirants—continue.

—★—

Claudette Colbert certainly has hard luck; just let her get all set for a picture, and she has to go to the hospital. Her sinus operation interfered with "I Cover the Waterfront," and appendicitis bobbed up in time to make trouble for "Four Frightened People."

—★—

Kay Francis is taking one of those Hawaiian vacations.

—★—

ODDS AND ENDS . . . The Four Mills Brothers are back with us again, after being out of circulation for sixteen weeks because of John Mills' illness . . . Laura LaPlante—remember her?—is to make a picture in England . . . Karen Morley has a brand new son . . . Now it's the radio writers who have a guild all their own . . . Did you know that the Pickens sisters are considered—by some people—the most beautiful girls on the air? They've signed up to make a movie . . . James Cagney's brother Bill has been cast as a Spaniard in "Flying Down to Rio" . . . Clara Bow's new picture is one more version of "The Barker," in which Claudette Colbert made her big hit on the stage . . . Anna Sten is throwing fits of temperament, with her first picture barely under way! . . . Radio fans are still complaining about Eddie Cantor's advertising his next picture during his NRA broadcast—and I'm one of them!

©, 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

POTPOURRI

Finger Nail Spots

Occasionally white spots or marks appear on the upper structure of our nails. These are caused by a lack of proper nourishment from the body, usually the result of sickness and consequent disorders in the blood. The blood, which feeds our skin, likewise feeds the tissue which makes up the nails.

©, 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

CHILDREN'S STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN A COAT TORE

IF THE discovery that what he had supposed was just a shadow was in reality Hooty the Owl, just reaching for him with great cruel claws, had frightened Jerry Muskrat so that he couldn't move, the sound of Hooty's hiss did for him just the opposite thing. Jerry didn't stop to think what he should do. There was no time for that. He simply did it. He dived for the water as if Hooty's hiss had released a stout spring under him.

Now, Jerry Muskrat is big and looks rather clumsy, but Jerry can move quickly when occasion demands. You would have thought so if you could have seen him making that dive in the moonlight. But quick as he was, he wasn't quite quick enough. No, sir, he wasn't quite quick enough. Those great reaching claws were just ready to close when he dived and they did close. Only Jerry's hands and head reached the water he was frantically diving for. Then he squealed with pain and terror as he was lifted and, hanging head down, was carried across the Smiling Pool. Hooty the Owl had spoken truly when he said "I've got you now." Poor, poor Jerry Muskrat! Hanging head down, he gazed at his beloved Smiling Pool for what he believed to be the last time. Those claws hurt dreadfully. Then being carried head down made him feel as if his heart and stomach and everything else inside him had slipped out of place. His beautiful new house would never be finished. This was the last he would ever see of all the things he loved so. He had been caught at last, and all through his own carelessness. To make Hooty the Owl, for whom he had so long been too smart, a dinner was to be his end. Poor, poor, Jerry Muskrat!

If Jerry could have known what was passing through Hooty's head perhaps he would have felt just a wee bit less helpless. Hooty knew what Jerry didn't, that those great claws had not clutched Jerry where they should have, where Hooty had meant to have them. He had intended to clutch Jerry right by the middle of the back and drive those great claws 'way in on both sides of Jerry's backbone. But Jerry's quick dive had forced Hooty to clutch at what he could, and the result was that those great cruel claws had caught in Jerry's coat near his tail. This was why he was being carried head down.

Hanging Head Down, He Gazed at His Beloved Smiling Pool.

Now, Jerry's coat was rather loose fitting, for Jerry had been working hard and had not fattened up for the winter. So those claws had simply gone through the coat, but not into Jerry's flesh enough for a good hold. Hooty was not yet as sure of his dinner as he would have liked to be. Jerry was big and heavy and his coat might tear. There was no getting another and better grip up there in the air. For that Hooty must alight somewhere. Hooty hoped with all his might that that coat of Jerry's would prove too stout to tear.

If Hooty could have hurried this story might have had a different ending. But Jerry Muskrat was heavy and though Hooty did his very best with his great wings, he moved rather slowly and only just a little above the water. As they drew near the bank Hooty felt one claw tear loose and then another. Jerry began to struggle with all his might and his coat gave way so that Hooty held him with only one foot. Then as Hooty vainly tried to clutch him again with the claws from which he had torn loose, his weight was too much for the claws still gripping his coat. It tore loose from them, and with a splash Jerry struck the dear, cool, beautiful water of the Smiling Pool, while with a scream of rage and disappointment Hooty the Owl flew on toward the Green Forest. Jerry's life had been saved by the tearing of his coat.

©, 1933, by T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Satin Oxfords

Remember how dressy you used to feel in the satin oxfords that were fashionable some seasons ago? They are coming back again in one-eyelet tie style for wear with afternoon dresses.

KNOWS HER STUFF

"What's this? Your house is all torn up. Things are a wreck."

"Yes, looks like the wife has started her mid-season offensive."

San Francisco's Newest AND MOST MODERN Downtown Hotel!

Hotel Sir Francis Drake—just off Union Square—most convenient to theaters, shops, stores, business and financial district.

Only California hotel offering Servidor feature—thus enabling you to combine "maximum privacy with minimum tipping".

All rooms in the Tower with Western exposure have ultra-violet-ray (sun-bath) windows.

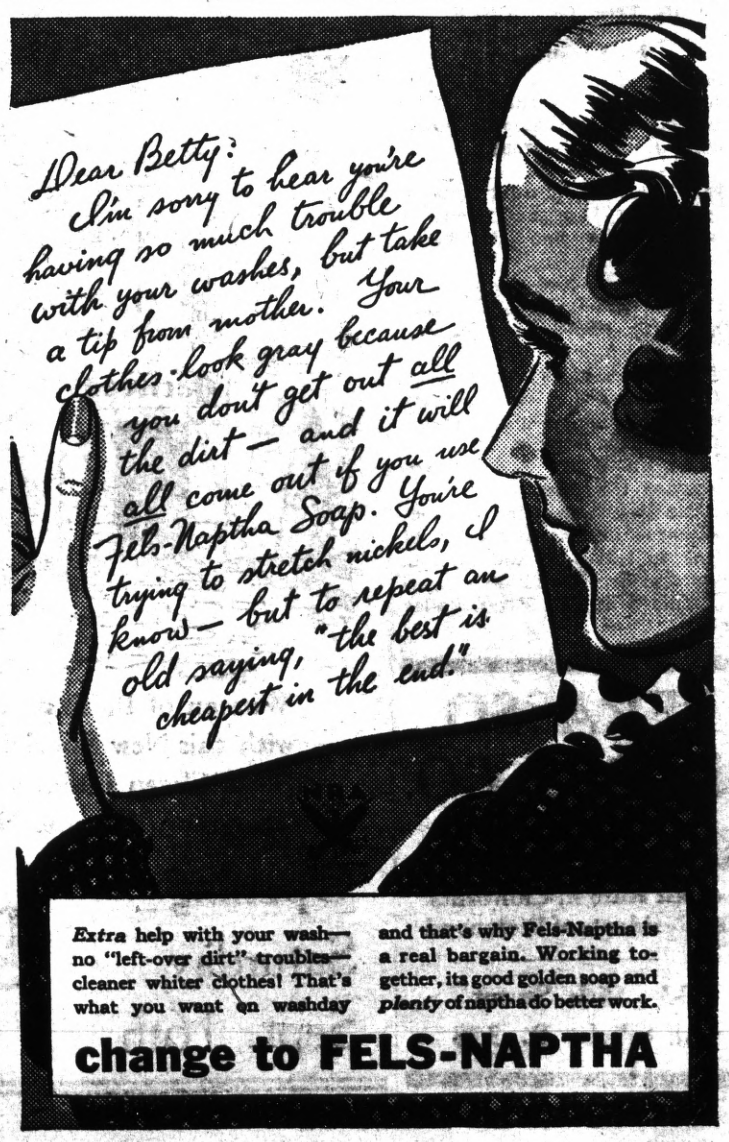
In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered ice water, both tub and shower.

Dinner in Coffee Shop from 75¢ up—in Main Dining Room from $1.25 up. Also a la carte service.

Private garage in basement of hotel building with direct elevator service to Lobby and all guest-room floors!

Hotel SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Powell Street at Sutter • San Francisco



Extra help with your wash—no "left-over dirt" troubles—cleaner whiter clothes! That's what you want on washday and that's why Fels-Naptha is a real bargain. Working together, its good golden soap and *plenty* of naptha do better work.

change to FELS-NAPTHA

EAT
THOSE GOOD
HAMBURGERS
Lager BEER on Draught
At the
COZY COFFEE COUNTER
Garrard & Richmond Ave.
Phone RI. 1134

Progress Want Ads Bring Results

Dr. William B. Jenkins
Dr. Irene C. Jenkins
Chiropractic—Electro-Therapy
915½ Macdonald Avenue
Phone RIchmond 470
Hours: 9 to 12—2 to 5. Evenings: Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 to 8

CARL STENDER
General Insurance
111 Nevada Ave., Ph. RI. 3180-J

Davi.. Cavagnaro
Shoe Repairing - Prices Right
"Always Boosting Point Richmond"
In Post Office Building

WELDEN'S REMEDIES
For Sale at
Bank Cigar Store
Geo. Landrebe, Prop.
519 Macdonald Ave.

MRS. GIANNASI
Coats and Dresses Made to Order
Repairing and Remodeling
61 Park Place
A Point Richmond Progress Booster

F. F. BREWEN
Carpentering, Jobbing, Repairing
Roofs Shingled, Saws Filed
Good and Honest Workman
55 Park Place
Established in Point Richmond 1898

SPIERSCH BROTHERS
SANITARY PLUMBERS
and
METAL WORKERS
Patent Chimneys, Automatic Gas Water Heaters, Radiant Fire Heaters, Warm Air and Electro-Gas Floor Furnaces
ESTIMATES GIVEN
Jobbing Properly Attended to
320 13th St., Richmond, Cal.
Since 1902

RELIABLE CLEANERS
C. O. D.
CLEANERS
Since 1909
Point Agent, BANK Tailor
Plant: 2409 Macdonald Ave.
Phone Richmond 683

Baths Open From 1:00 p. m. To 12:00 a. m.
PHONE RICHMOND 1160
Richmond Steam Baths and Massage
235 SIXTH STREET
Man Attendant: Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.
Lady Attendant: Tues. & Thurs.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

WHAT WILL THEY TALK ABOUT?

"FROM eight to eight-thirty p. m. conversation with Mrs. Pu-Yi."

That is an item on the program tacked up in the palace of Henry Pu Yi, the regent of the new independent state of Manchukuo.

Henry Pu-Yi is the young man once called the boy emperor of China. He is still quite young, but perhaps in the Orient youth is not incompatible with wisdom.

Imagine a young American husband making a note on his day's program to set aside a half hour for conversation with his wife!

One is compelled to wonder if the boy emperor also charts out in advance just what the conversation is to be about.

Politics and affairs of state? They are probably not among the hobbies cultivated by Mrs. Pu-Yi.

There are, of course, the domestic matters of palace and family, and there would be some friends that they would have in common.

And, then, of course, there is always the weather, that saviour of many a scheduled conversation. A man and wife would, of course, have to be exceptionally gifted conversationalists to make the weather last for the full half hour of the period which this young husband so conscientiously sets aside for talking to his wife.

But we are probably needlessly concerned. A young husband, and an emperor, at that, who is clever enough to realize the necessity of putting aside a certain period each day for talking to his wife, will doubtless have the required ingenuity to find something to talk about.

©, 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

FLASHES FROM PARIS

Mulberry is a favorite new color.

Metal-touched fabrics are conspicuously present.

Many dresses are shown which button up the back.

Tiny feather-trimmed net caps are shown for evening.

Silks which look like wool are used for daytime dresses.

Quaint charm of Edwardian period dominates first style showings.

Schiaparelli lines velvet and taffeta evening capes with quilted crepe de chine.

Paris Says Plain Beige Wool for Sports Costumes

For sports wear, a plain beige wool popo coat; a beige wool material tailor suit and beige linen bodice; a black and white checked crepe country dress with black leather belt.

For afternoon: a black and white flowered dress and jacket with black lacquered satin belt; a navy blue rough silk crepe suit with a pale blue crepe bodice; black wool material coat with short sleeves to the elbow trimmed with silver fox, two black enameled buckles fastening the front and worn over a pale blue crepe afternoon dress.

Right for College

This year's college wardrobe for girls stresses the practical and inexpensive. This beige-and-brown checked suit with its long topcoat and scarf, will serve most needs from traveling to football wear.

Named for Parliamentarian

Downing street of London was named after a noted parliamentarian of the Seventh century.

SWISHING SKIRTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Enter on the stage of fashion the lady with the swish-swish silken skirt which is floor length, yea, even trails about in sweeping lines. Formal winter fashions are just like that. This, because we have gone back to Edwardian age, so designs tell us, for our style inspiration. The handsome black taffeta dinner gown pictured is typical of the new movement.

BLACK FOUNDATION OF FALL WARDROBE

Deserting the bright colors of midsummer, the smart Parisienne has returned to her favorite black for morning, afternoon and evening. In a recent interview a French woman whose name is synonymous with chic on two continents, outlined a typical Paris wardrobe. For daytime, her choice is a lightweight black wool coat, cut with wide shoulders and trim fitted waistline. This she wears over a black sheer wool frock.

Her afternoon dresses include a yellow and black printed crepe, worn with black gloves and a small draped turban of black velvet. This she alternates with a black satin jacket suit, with white satin blouse.

For informal dining she wears a simple black crepe frock, whose long slender lines are accentuated by panels of pale blue at the sides.

Plaid Taffeta Girdles

Plaid taffeta makes girdles on some of the most striking evening frocks this season. A white organdie dance frock with ruffles running from the hem to the knees is trimmed with a wide belt and long sash ends of blue, red and white taffeta ribbon.

"The Best of Beers. Eastern, Western, Northern, Southern"
RICHMOND HOTEL
(Thos. Kenny)
United Cigar Agency. Magazines. Rooms Reasonable
At Washington, Standard and Richmond Avenues

Typewriters and Office Equipment
CONTRA COSTA OFFICE MACHINE COMPANY
721 Macdonald Ave.
Phone Richmond 7

"It's not what you pay, but what you get for what you pay"
PALACE MEAT MARKET
H. O. TAWNEY, Prop.
1600 Macdonald Ave., Phone Richmond 1583
We carry a Choice Selection of SWIFT'S SELECT BABY BEEF cuts

SANTA FE MARKET
ED MEURER, PROPRIETOR
CHOICE MEATS
155 W. Richmond Ave. Phone Rich. 163

"Send It To The Laundry. The Laundry Does It Best"
RICHMOND FRENCH LAUNDRY
(L. Bernes)
Dry Wash, 8c Pound. Shirts of the Dry Wash, 12c
120 Standard Avenue Phone Richmond 345

BEST BEVERAGES — Lager Beer For These Warm Days
TUNNEL HOTEL
Jack Chasseur M. Cibalo
Rooms—Clean, Comfortable Special Dinners to Order

Your Vacuum Cleaner Will Hum Correctly If Fixed at PIERCE'S
WEST SIDE ELECTRIC SHOP
Wiring Material, Supplies, Fixtures, Vacuum Cleaners, General Repairs
153 Washington Ave. "Near Prosperity Corner" Rich. 3456

BUILDING MATERIAL
FUEL AND FEED
RICHMOND SUPPLY CO.
ROBERT DORNAN, PROP.
OFFICE PHONE RICHMOND 31
WAREHOUSE PHONE RICHMOND 377
139 W. RICHMOND AVE.

The PROGRESS has a Larger Circulation per copy than any Richmond paper

WILSON & KRATZER
The Funeral Home
Bissell Avenue at Seventh Street
Phone Richmond - 113

POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

Issued every Friday from the office at
140 Washington Ave., Phone Richmond 3456
HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER
Subscription Rates; 5c Per copy
50c for 3 Months
85c for 6 Months; $1.50 for One Year

An Independent Democratic Newspaper That Stands Squarely Behind President Roosevelt's New Deal.

The PROGRESS stands for:
1. Abolishing city council "star chamber" sessions. VICTORY No. 1
2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

"IT'S A LIE"

Within the past few days, from two different friendly sources, we learn that this newspaper has been accused of stating that Community Chest workers in past years have eaten at Hotel Carquinez at the expense of our city.

Any such statement is a malicious falsehood.

Scour the files of the Progress as you will, and you cannot find such a statement. On the contrary, we have, and will continue, to laud those of our fellow citizens who spend their own time and money to put over the Community Chest.

We HAVE stated that in previous years one organization took over $3000 of their shate of the money of the Community Chest and used it to pay a note for an individual at a local bank. That is true. But we have the assurance of Chairman Aubrey Wilson and his splendid 1933 committee that THAT will not happen this year.

We HAVE stated that at least many, if not all, of the banquets of the Chamber of Commerce are largely bunk and ballyhoo; but that has nothing to do with the Community Chest.

We have stated that the advertisements which are labeled RICHMOND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE and appear at regular intervals in the local daily press are paid for largely out of a donation from the taxpayers of our city; and when these newspapers use such paid space to boost anything so fine even as the Community Chest they are out of step. And their donation should start right there---these ads should be GIVEN by them free instead of at a profit.

Finally, we are FOR the Community Chest this year, and and will do whatever we can to help, OUR columns, at least are free to them. And we moreover, stand back of every drop of printer's ink that appears in this paper. As you are a friend of the Progress, if you hear of anyone trying to run us down by making the ridiculous statement that caused this editorial, you can nail it as a lie!

OBSERVATIONS

By Lee D. Windrem

(Continued from Front Page)

It is time for us to realize that we gave our waterfront, representing a bonded indebtedness of $2,410,000 to Mr. Parr for nothing. No, not quite for nothing, for we secured thereby the employment of ten local stevedores on his docks. In sum, then, we paid, or are to pay in taxes on our homes and businesses the sum of $241,000 for the employment of each of the ten local resident stevedores working on the docks.

A careful consideration of these figures will, we believe, convince anybody except the local members of Parr's board of directors, that this is rather a high price to pay for a stevedoring job. If it were a job as president of a chain of banks, or of a great railway system, it might be worth whiie, but the precarious job of stevedoring is hardly worth that amount of money.

If we have received any other emolument from our great waterfront we wish some one would rise and point it out to us. Please don't all speak at once!

Surely it is time for the peopl of our citp to ask whither are we drifting, whence cometh our deliverance?

COUNCIL MEET MONDAY NIGHT

(Continued from Front Page)

called for. All he wanted now was a "square deal from the Council!" (And our special announcer from the Progress network wishes to state that Tony doesn't need any box to stand on when he gets started.) At the same time Anglim's rebuttal came weaving in with that assertion that the Pogasso boys are saving $613 a month to taxpayers, over $12,000 in two years.

So the upshot of it all was that the council was asked to vote and they promplty turned the problem over to another battler, City Attorney Carlson, nicknamed "Casey" in the late war. So now it is up to him to report back on the rather complicated legal feature of the issue, a wee from Monday night.

About the only other thing of interest to us at the meeting was that John Lanza, 648 Ocan Drive, Point Richmond, obtained a permit for a garage—and that again is Progress!

Postmaster John Miller entertained at the Knights of Columbus Monday night meeting with pictures of his recent trip east. Thomas Smith, Grand Knight, presided.

The Progress is sorry to learn of the illness of Mrs. J. P. Smith, 33 Nevada, Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star, and we sincerely hope her recovery may be rapid.

Mr and Mrs. Fred I. Hess, of Washington Avenue, entertained Mrs. Rettison and daughter, Mrs. Meyer of Brentwood, over the week end. The late Mr. Rettison was a founder of the Richmond Mannerchor.

Richmond Business Directory

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Members And Boosters

Cooperating With The National Recovery Plan

Automobile Dealers
CURRY AUTO SALES
1401 Macdonald .... Richmond 1350

Cleaning Business
DON'S DEPENDABLE CLEANING
600 Macdonald ..... Richmond 940
CLEANATORIUM CLEANERS
318 6th St. .....Richmond 460

Drug Stores
PALMATEER'S PHARMACY
134 Washington ..... Richmond 127

Finance
CONTRA COSTA FINANCE & LOAN CO.
341 10th St. ..... Richmond 874

Feed & Fuel
JOHN EKLUND
1706 Macdonald Ave. .... Rich. 768

Men's Furnishings
G. J. ALLYN
130 Washington .... Richmond 2438

McRACKEN'S
1041 Macdonald .... Richmond 248

Meat Market
LUDEWIG'S RICHMOND MARKET
510 Macdonald ..... Richmond 1900

Printing and Stationer
AL. FURRER
721 Macdonald ..... Richmond 7

Printing
PROGRESS PRESS
140 Washington .... Richmond 3456

Plumbing
SPIERSCH BROS.
322-13 St. ..... Rich. 863-R

Shoe Store
KARL'S SHOE STORE
820 Macdonald Ave.

M. J WELDING CO.
222 M. CDONALD AVENUE
Telephone Richmond 3097
Body - Radiator - Fender Work
Welding & Brazing of all Kinds
Prices Right
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

O. A. POULSEN
Jeweler
WATCH INSPECTOR FOR SANTA FE & S.P.R'Y'S
822 MACDONALD AVE
OPP FOX THEATRE

SIDNEY H. GNAGA
Insurance Notary Real Estate
210 W. Richmond Ave. Ph. R. 2322

LEE D. WINDREM
ATTORNEY AT LAW
24 West Richmond Ave.

NATIONAL HOTEL
Smart and Homelike
J. V. McAfee, Prop.
443 Standard Ave.
Pt. Richmond, California
Phone Richmond 3484

The grape season will soon be here. Plan to have us do your work. On account of the great number of machines we have, we excel in service.

Electric Presses
Hydraulic Crushers
Hand Grinders

A. LAZZERETTI
1769 SAN PABLO AVENUE
Phone Richmond 3233

W. F. FRASER
OPTOMETRIST
917 MACDONALD AVE.
PHONE RICHMOND 274
PROMPT REPAIRS

"More People Ride on Goodyears Than Any Other Tires"
CIVIC CENTER TIRE & BATTERY CO.
(A. KASTELIC) Agents for the Leading Brands
Automobile Accessories
Nevin Ave. at Twenty-Third St. Phone Richmond 672

"How About Your Silverware? Does It Need Replating?"
RICHMOND ELECTRO PLATING WORKS
PLATING OF ALL METALS JAPANNING AND LACQUERING
581 Third Street Telephone Richmond 1992

Complete Repairing on Damaged Cars. First Class Auto Painting
H. E. JAKOBSSON . LAWRENCE JENSEN
Auto Bodies, Fenders, Tops. Let Us Estimate For You
1015 Chanslor Avenue Phone Richmond 2928

Blue Ribbon Bread
is best by every test
Martens Bakery
1 ParkPlace Home of Blue Ribbon Bread

Choice Home Cooked Italian Dinners—Draught Beer—Phone R. 1024
STANDARD HOTEL
(Pete Robbiano)
Rooms and Board, by Day or Week 538 Standard Ave.

Drink Your Health

THE acknowleged best Health Drink in America is Milk. American Creamery Milk is guaranteed purity, its unvarying deep cream line, its full quota of the blood-building vitamin D and its delicious taste. Phone 362. No obligation.

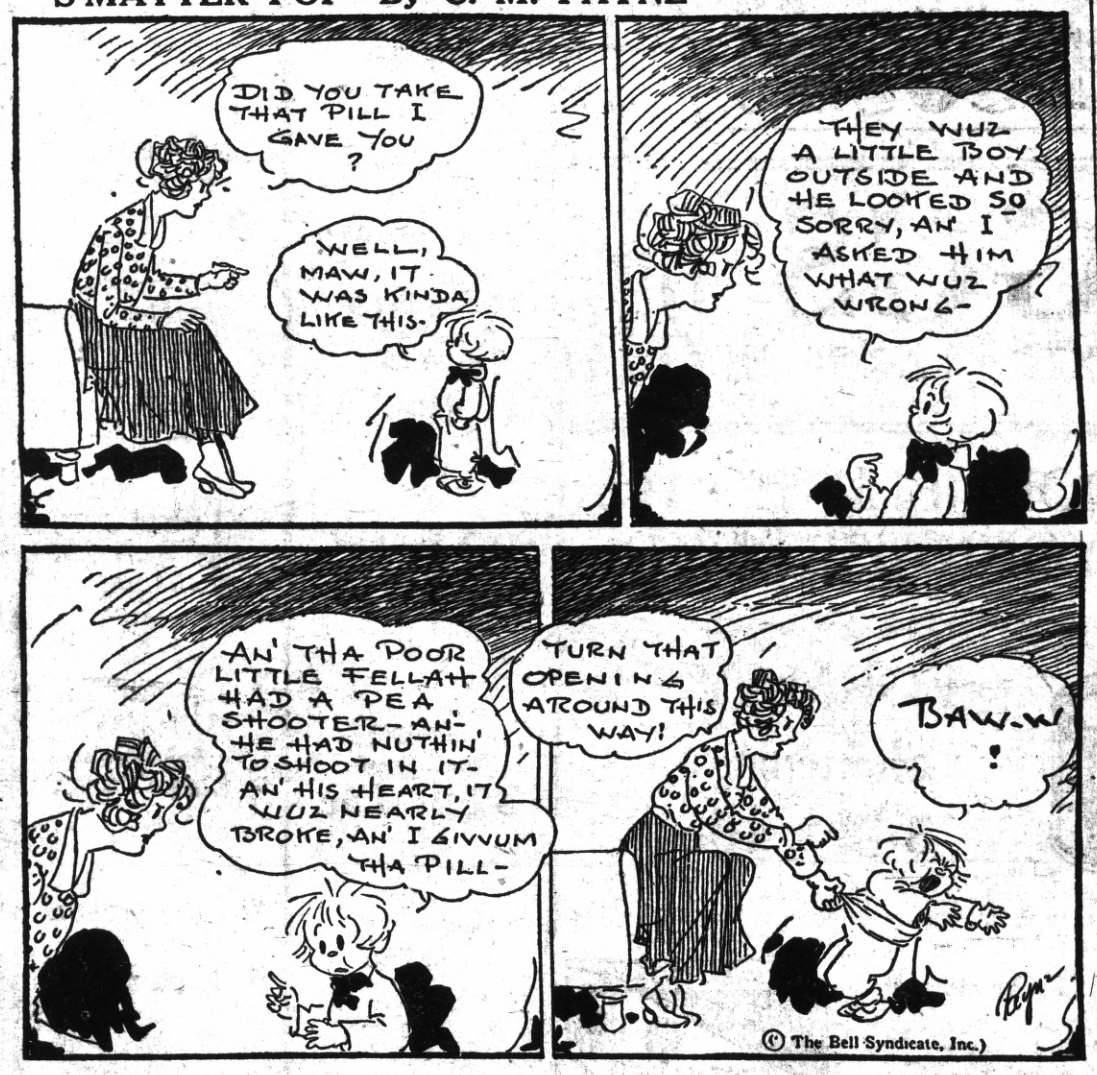
KLEEN KAPS on AMERICAN MILK

American Creamery Co.

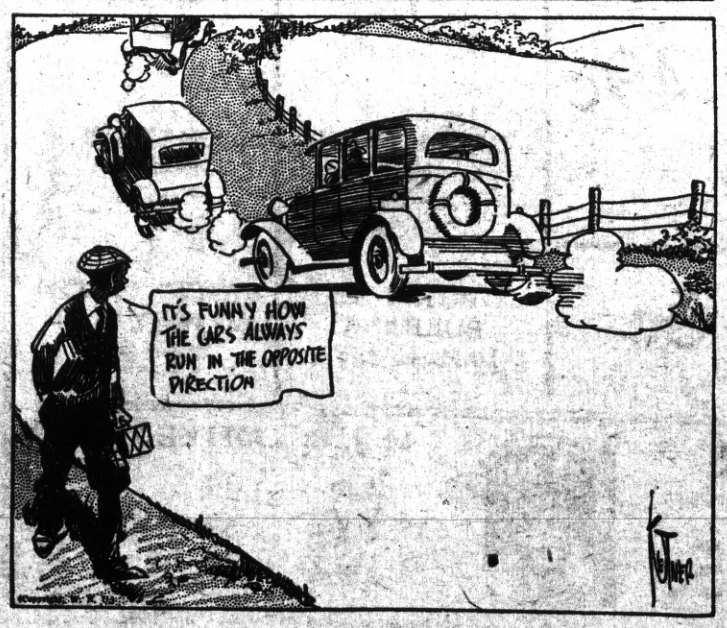
262 5th St. Phone Richmond 362

"It DOES Make a Difference Where You Buy Your Radio"
CARL ALEXANDER
Radio Service by Trained Men With Years of Experience
1119 Macdonald Avenue Phone Richmond 80

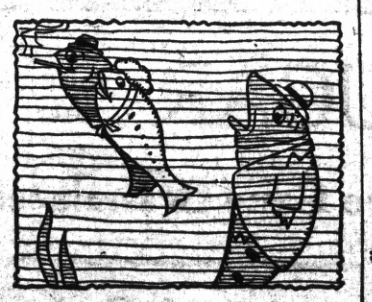
S'MATTER POP—By C. M. PAYNE



Along the Concrete



OCEAN CHATTER



"I hear he lost his money in a poker game. What kind of a fish is he?"

"Oh, just a poor sucker."

Railroads in War Time

Under government operation during the World war the primary railroad goal was to move the traffic arising out of war demands as expeditiously as possible. Railway executives had admitted their inability to do this satisfactorily. That is why the government assumed operation of the properties.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service

Events in the Lives of Little Men

Father Sage Says:

Of all felicities the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows and counsels us in all extremities.

When Africans Quarrel

If a Mwelthaga of Africa goes to another village and becomes embroiled in a quarrel with a member of another tribe, goats must be exchanged to make the peace, and the aggressor must spit on the other party to obviate the "evil eye."

DISCOVERED

She—Before we were married you said you were well off.

He—I was, but I didn't know it.

LIBERTY MARKET

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

110 WASHINGTON AVENUE

Phone 1346

FREE DELIVERY

NRA MEMBER U.S. — WE DO OUR PART

HOT SAUCE
I. G. A.
4 cans 15c

SPAGHETTI
I. G. A.
1 lb. can
2 for 17c

GRAPE FRUIT JUICE
TRUPAK
No. 2 can 2 for 25c

DOG FOOD
GOLD CUP
1 lb. can 4 for 25c

SOUP
Campbell
3 cans 25c

BAKING CHOCOLATE
I. G. A.
½ lb. pkg. 18c

CAKE FLOUR
I. G. A.
Large pkg. 29c

PICNIC HAM
Eastern Cured
lb. 15c

LAMB ROAST
lb. 11c

JEWEL SHORTENING
2 lb. pkg.
19c

TOMATOES
PALACE
No. 2½ can
3 for 28c

PEANUT BUTTER
1 lb. jar
15c

PINEAPPLE JUICE
TRUPAK
No. 2 can 2 for 25c

SPINACH
I. G. A.
No. 2½ can 13c

SUGAR
Brown or Powdered
1 lb. pkg. 2 for 15c

EXTRACT
Vanilla or Lemon
G. A.
2 oz. btl. 21c

Peet's GRANULATED SOAP
Large Pkg. 22c

BEEF
PRIME RIB ROAST
lb. 18c

PORK ROAST
Loin
lb. 16c

SWIFT
Premium Bacon
Whole or Half
lb. 22c

BROOKFIELD BUTTER

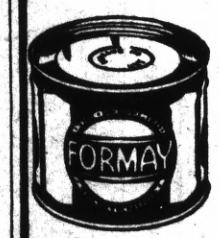
92 Score
22c
Pound

EGGS

U. S. EXTRA LARGE doz. 27c

BROOKFIELD MAYONNAISE

Pint Jar 19c
Half Pint Jar 14c



FORMAY Shortening

3 Pound Can 49c

GEM NUT Oleomargarine

3 Pound Package 25c

SUGAR

Ten Pound Sack 49c

Pure Cane Granulated

MILK

I. G. A. Tall Can 5c

SUGAR CORN
No. 2 can
3 for 25c

GRAPE FRUIT
I. G. A.
No. 2 can
2 for 23c

APRICOTS
I. G. A.
No. 2½ can 17c

PEAS and CARROTS
TRUPAK
No. 2 Can
16c

CORN FLAKES
I. G. A.
Pkg. 7c

BEANS
Small White
3 Lbs. 19c

TOMATO JUICE
PURETEST
15½ oz. Tall Can
5c

SPINACH
Fresh and Tender
3 Pounds 10c

GRAPE FRUIT
Large and Juicy
3 For 10c

POTATOES
BURBANK
10 Pounds 25c

STRING BEANS
No. 2 can
3 for 25c

SALMON
PALACE
Pink
No. 1 tall can 2 for 23c

DILL PICKLES
TRUPAK
No. 2½ can 15c

PALORA PEACHES
TRUPAK
No. 2 1-2 Can
17c

PEAS
I. G. A. No. 1 Can
2 for 19c

MATCHES
I. G. A. Large size
3 Boxes 13c

CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP
Limit 5
5 Bars 15c

LETTUCE
Large Solid
2 For 5c

ORANGES
Medium size
Each 1c

SWIFT'S WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP
2 Bars 5c

I. G. A. COFFEE

I. BRAND . . . lb. 25c
G. BRAND . . . lb. 23c
A. BRAND . . . lb. 18c

DE LUXE COVER

WITH
4 Cans of
SUNBRITE CLEANSER 25c

M. J. B. COFFEE

1 lb. . . . 30c
2 lbs. . . 57c
3 lbs. . . 84c